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Select Poetry.

From the Miami Visitor.

THE FERRING.

BY CLARA AGUIRRE.

Have ye play on the strings?
Christian with the holy brow,
Spea not harshly of his falling,
He may sorrow even now!
Men should be to all men brothers—
Wouldst thou thy brother scorn?
Wouldst thou those kindest smiles
Were he helpless and forlorn?
Thou hast read the inspiration
Given to the world by God—
In thought hast been with prophets—
With patriarchs hast trod
The upward way to joy and peace,
And heard, time and again,
That man, to win the love of God,
Must love his fellow man.
Scorning and lightly trifling
Claim no kin with gentle love;
The angels do not trifle
In the happy homes above;
And canst thou love thy brother
When contempt beams from thine eyes?
Ah! what if thou, with all thy boast,
Shouldst lose the promised prize?
He who has taken charity
To be his home and guest,
Has placed a fount of happiness
Unfailing in his breast—
A fount that undisturbed will flow
Through death and eternity,
And shine with brightening luster on
Throughout eternity.

Pictures of Life.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A WHIM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY MRS. B. Z. MINTER.

"Shall you go to Mrs. Elmore's ball to-night, Ellie?" asked Kate Lacy, as she took the little rocking-chair before the fire in her sister-in-law's cosy-like parlor. "It is to be a grand affair, I understand, and none but the very creme de la creme of society are invited. Doubtless it will be a magnificent affair, but will you believe it, Kay, Harry insists upon my remaining at home to-night?"

"What! from the grandest ball of the season? Why, it will be a positive disgrace to have it known that you were absent when every one who is considered any body at all will be there. What new crochets has Harry got in his head now?"

"I cannot tell you. He says an engagement will detain him up town till ten, and then he particularly wants me at home. He will give me no more satisfaction than that on the subject, in spite of all I can say," and for a moment a bright spot burned in the fair cheek, and a cloud obscured the sweet young face of Ellie Lacy.

"Pish! 'tis all nonsense, Ellie, and if I were in your place I'd no more mind it than I'd try to fly to East India. Can't you see what he's after, child?"

"No," said Ellie, in some surprise. "Can you?"

"To be sure, and you couldn't help if you wasn't a blind little novice. In the first place, he is trying to tie you hard and fast to himself so you dare not speak or move without first asking his permission. Don't stare so, Ellie, it's the truth, and you'll soon find it so. I know Harry's tyrannical nature better than you do. Then there's another strong objection to your going to this ball."

"What is it?"

"Can't you conjecture?"

"No, indeed; I wish I could. Tell me."

"Frank Wilbur will be there," and Kate burst into a merry peal of laughter, as Ellie's face crimsoned to the very roots of her hair.

"But," she said, with a slight show of confusion, "I can't see what he could have to do with the matter."

"Why, can't you see?" exclaimed Kate. "Remember once had you and Frank Wilbur engaged, and when you married Harry, Frank left town in such distress that it became the reigning theme in every circle. Those reports have reached Harry's ears, I suppose, and he wishes to prevent your meeting with him."

"Oh," said Kate, carelessly, "Harry is not very strict in his own habits, and his own faults and foibles make him distrust others. He's afraid the intimacy will be renewed, I dare say."

Ellie's eyes kindled indignantly.

"He can not so distrust his own wife, surely! I suppose I could have married Wilbur quite as easily as I married Harry, had I chosen to do so, and I should think the act in itself was enough to prove on whom the preference rested."

"Oh, to be sure; but jealous men never think of these things, and Harry is the most jealous-natured man I ever saw in all your life. What a pity you hadn't fallen in love with brother Will instead. He's a very 'javel of a man,' the best and sweetest-tempered in the world."

"If I thought that this was Harry's reason for wishing to keep me at home to-night," said Ellie, sneeringly, "I'd go in spite of him. I'm not a baby to be trifled with, nor a puppet for which he has no other use than to humor his absurd whims."

Pretty trick, indeed! I'll show him better!"

And thus she kept up the little fit of indignation into which she had worked herself. Alas! poor, deluded Ellie! June had just turned the last curl over her fingers, and dropped in a shining ring upon the white shoulders of her beautiful young mistress, when the roll of carriage-wheels was heard, and the next moment Kate Lacy, radiant in beauty and glittering with jewels, burst into the room.

"Oh! Ellie, you are going! that's a dear love of a sister, and I shall commend you forever for your pluck," and Kate kissed her impulsively. "Come; are you almost ready? It is time we are going."

"Yes, I am quite ready," answered Ellie. "But, Kate, I feel that I ought not to go. Something serious may come of it, perhaps."

"Pish! Why, Ellie, you don't pretend that you are to be ruled by a silly whim in this way, do you? I can tell you if you knuckle down to Harry in this manner, you'll be nothing but the veriest slave all your life. Believe me, I know my brother Harry's disposition better than you do, and if you yield to his caprices now, you will have to yield forever. It's a shame for him to think of leaving you all alone while he revels with his club friends in some saloon up town. Come, it's getting late; let's go."

Ellie made no resistance, and Kate led her to the carriage, and seated herself beside her, then as they were rapidly whirled away, she ran on in a light, rapid style, about the elegance and beauty of the scene to which they were going.

Mrs. Lacy listened silently, only now and then mingling her silvery voice with Kate's in a gay laugh as some stray witticisms fell from the lips of the latter, but she was far from feeling at ease, and many times heartily wished herself at home again, ere she was put down at Mrs. Elmore's door.

"Bring the carriage back at two, John," said Kate, as the coachman assisted her to the pavement. "Ah! here you are, Will, I was afraid you would miss us."

This last was addressed to Ellie's younger brother, who stood upon the steps awaiting them, and who offered an arm to each to conduct them up stairs.

"Where is Harry, Ellie?" asked Will, as they ascended.

"He went up town after tea," she replied, in a tone she strove to render indifferent.

"Will he not come?" he asked again.

"I presume not. He went to meet a friend—an old college chum of his, who will take the night train for H—."

They had now reached the last landing, and turned to a room upon the right, where they removed their cloaks and overalls, and then, after a glance at the mirror to see that all was right about their dress, the ladies proceeded to the drawing rooms.

The scenes presented as the folding doors were thrown open to announce them, were of brilliant beauty, so gorgeously magnificent as to beggar description, and the eyes of the trio were almost blinded as they made their way toward the hostess at the other end of the room.

"Ah, Mrs. Lacy, I am glad to see you," said Mrs. Elmore cordially. "I was afraid from your sister's account this morning that you would not come, and did not feel at ease until the day had passed, and I found you had sent no excuse."

Ellie made some trivial reply, and after a few more commonplace remarks, turned to another part of the room. Kate was by her side, and in a few moments caught her sleeve softly.

"See, Ellie! Do you know that gentleman with whom Will is speaking? Now they are coming this way."

Ellie looked in the direction indicated, and saw Will Lacy approaching with Frank Wilbur. Ellie's heart beat painfully, and she would have turned away to avoid him, but Kate restrained her.

"Stay, Ellie. What will people say if you avoid him when he seeks to pay his respects as to other ladies of his acquaintance? They will think you fear his power over you, or worse, Harry's jealousy."

Kate's words had the desired effect in Ellie's confused state of mind, and with an effort she controlled her agitation, and stood calmly waiting their approach.

He greeted Kate warmly, but at first there was a slight air of reserve in his manner when he addressed Mrs. Lacy. This, however, soon wore away, and he chatted with fascinating ease upon subjects which he knew would interest her.

After a while she too was at ease, and listened to him with evident pleasure; sometimes participating in the conversation with grace and spirit.

Gradually, however, Ellie became aware that Mr. Wilbur's attention to herself was attracting the attention of others, and with a burning cheek she sought to escape him.

But he would not be shaken off. Wherever she went, there he was sure to be a moment after, seemingly so unconscious and innocent of her wish to

avoid him, that she was powerless to combat him.

As the evening wore away, poor Ellie's sufferings were intense. A thousand times she reproached herself for disregarding Harry's entreaties, and thus placing herself in so embarrassing a position, but it was too late now to repent, and she strove hard to bear out her trial bravely.

But this required much fortitude, for Ellie was extremely sensitive to remark, and the sidelong glances and occasional whispers of a party near her, made her nerves quiver as if she was under the influence of a galvanic battery.

"Oh, Kate," she said, when she found herself near her, and alone for a moment. "I wish I was at home. I'd give the world if I had not come here to-night."

"Nonsense! Do try and control yourself a little, dear Ellie. I'm afraid people will notice your uneasiness, and it will be an hour yet ere the carriage will come for us."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Ellie piteously. "I am almost ill. Try to cover my retreat, Kate, and I'll go out upon this balcony, and try to gain a little composure."

"Well, do go on at once. That woe-begone face sets my teeth on edge."

Kate stood so as to screen her, and Ellie slipped behind the window-curtain, and stepped out of the open window.

The night was clear and beautiful, and the moon sailed on as high and peacefully as though there was naught but peace and love and harmony beneath her bright beams, and Ellie stood looking up at it in its calm beauty, feeling a wild tumult at heart, and fancying the stars looked down reproachfully on her.

"Oh, Ellie, Ellie, this is the fruit of wrong doing, and if the first step in the path brings so much misery, what will future willfulness bear for a lifetime?"

She lifted her pearl-jeweled hand, and dashed a few white-like drops from her cheek, murmuring:

"Oh, Harry, if you can ever forgive me for this, I will never, never again be guilty of such unworthy conduct! How little I thought that it would bring so much pain! It is strange," she continued in a whisper, "but some way Harry's last look and tones haunt me. Oh, I wish I had not come!"

And covering her face with both her hands, she leaned her head against the balcony and wept.

So absorbed was she in her regrets and grief, she did not heed the sound of a foot-fall near her, nor see a form bending toward her, until some one clasped her hands, and she looked up to see Frank Wilbur's face so near her own that his hair brushed her cheek, and she could feel his warm breath coming thick and fast upon her brow as he uttered tremblingly:

"Oh, Ellie, Ellie, you here, and weeping! Oh, Ellie, I would have given my life to have spared you a moment's pain—would give my life to spare you pain now, for in spite of myself, in spite of reason and the firm barriers between us, I love you still—wildly—madly!"

Ellie was so taken by surprise at the sudden declaration, it rendered her for a moment speechless, and misconstruing her silence, he caught her in his arms and covered her face with passionate kisses. She struggled wildly to free herself, but he folded her the closer to his bosom, pouring into her ear words and protestations that shocked and wounded her pure soul to its very depths.

"Oh, Mr. Wilbur," she cried, in a suppressed and frenzied whisper. "For God's sake let me go! Oh, this is base, unmanly, cruel! If there is one spark of honor left within your bosom, let me go."

"Nay, dearest, not until you give me one word of pity; not until you tell me that in giving your hand to another, you surrendered not your whole heart."

"Never!" she cried in a low, stern voice, and now her whole manner changed from frenzied fire to cold and withering scorn, and with a sudden effort, she wrenched herself from his arms, and stood confronting him with eyes that flashed fire.

"I did give my whole heart, aye, my very soul to my husband when I gave him my hand; and I idolize, worship him, as much as I loathe and despise you, base, craven-hearted villain that you are!"

"Nay," she continued, as he took a step toward her. "Do not dare to touch me! I do not dare to touch me, or as there is a God in Heaven, you shall repent it while you live, and these words breathed through her teeth, she glided away, leaving him stupefied with astonishment.

Kate was waiting her at a little distance, but she swept past her with an air of an insulted queen and at once sought Will, whom she requested to have the carriage brought round. "I am not very well," she said, "and wish to go home."

Will at once complied, and in a few minutes handed her into the carriage. "I can return for Kate," he said, "when I have set you down; but I hope you are not very ill, dear Ellie."

"Not as much in body as in mind," she answered, striving to keep down a sob, but failing, she leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept freely.

"Now," said he, when she had grown calm, "What has disturbed my little sister so much," and he encircled her waist tenderly with his arm and drew her closer to him.

She knew he was good and noble; and relieved that she could find one in whom she could confide without fear, she told him every thing without reserve.

He listened patiently, and then strove to comfort her, for he realized how deeply the events of the evening must have wounded her delicate, sensitive nature.

"Kate was very wrong," he said, "to urge you to disregard your husband's wishes, and she erred when she said that Harry told me he could not come. Had he done so, I would have asked him to place you under my care, or explained to you why he wished you to remain at home; enough, at least to satisfy you that he had sufficient reasons. But, cheer up, sister, I dare say all will soon be right. I'll see Harry, and call again in the morning."

The carriage stopped, and Will assisted Ellie up the steps, and after uttering a kind good-night, was about to leave, when Ellie stopped him.

"Shall I tell Harry every thing?" she faltered.

"Not to-night. Wait, I'll see him, and then the matter may be settled more agreeably. Don't be uneasy," and he was gone.

Ellie ascended the stairs slowly, half fearing to find Harry at home, but the parlor was empty, and looked gloomy enough with its solitary lamp turned down to a dim twilight. She turned on the gas, and then went up stairs, but she felt too uneasy to retire notwithstanding Will's injunction, and in a few moments returned to the parlor, and began pacing the floor as she waited Harry's return.

"I can not sleep till he has forgiven me," she murmured, as she paused to listen for his footsteps. Oh, how mad and foolish I have been!"

She bent her head in bitter self-reproach, till the chime of a distant clock tolling the hour of twelve roused her, and as the echoes died away they were succeeded by the slow and measured tread of many feet upon the pavement.

Ellie's heart stood still, she knew not why, and in a moment more the hand of death seemed grasping it, as the street-door opened without ceremony, and heavy steps echoed upon the stairs.

She could not have moved had life depended on it, and stood as if glued to the middle of the floor, till Will entered, white and stricken as a corpse, and pointed to the sofa, upon which four men lay a lifeless, bleeding form.

A crowd followed them, and in their midst Kate Lacy knelt and filled the air with her shrieks, but Ellie did not move. She stood where she was staring when they entered, white and seemingly as lifeless as marble; her eyes bent upon the one still form, seeing but one object, covered with blood, and lying so cold and white before her. Then there was a convulsive heaving of the bosom, and as the blood gushed from her lips in a crimson stream, fell senseless to the floor.

Then for three long weeks all was blank in the life of Ellie Lacy, and when at last she rose from her couch, her mind was shattered and all her hopes and aspirations were wholly destroyed. She was a hopeless maniac.

On leaving Ellie, Will had gone in search of her husband, whom he found in a saloon up town, and who informed him that he had been waiting all the evening at the depot, for Mrs. Lison, Ellie's mother, who had written a day or two previous, but as the last train came in without bringing her, Harry was hurrying home, when a friend accosted him, and thinking to be detained but a moment, he entered the saloon where Will found him, and drawing him aside, told him all that had passed, and together they sought Wilbur. A hot quarrel was the result, and in a moment of ungovernable passion, Wilbur drew a pistol and shot Lacy through the heart, and then made his escape ere Will could raise the alarm. However, he was apprehended, tried and convicted and thus were two lives destroyed, and one wrecked forever, by simply refusing to comply with one little request to please a husband.

THE TALENT OF SUCCESS.—Every man must patiently abide his time.—He must wait. Not in listlessness; not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing, fulfilling, and accomplishing his task. "that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion." The talent of success is nothing more than the doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame—about what the world says of us—as to be always looking in the face of others for approval—to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say—to be always shouting to hear echoes of our own voices.—Longfellow.

A meteoric stone, weighing from 400 to 500 pounds, fell in McAllisterville, Juniata county, Penn., on the 5th ult.

TAKE CARE.

Take care of your business if you wish it to take care of you. Two good things will be accomplished by heeding this admonition; the first of which is, that you will find yourself thriving and doing well, and the next is, you will be kept so busy, as to find no time to meddle with your neighbors' affairs. Steady employment, hard work and attention to business, are the great remedies for mischief-making. People who faithfully attend to their own concerns don't find leisure to get into difficulties, and seldom have any. It is the idle head and idle hand that Satan finds some mischief for.

Take care what you say of others. Words once spoken cannot be recalled, and a single sentence may do great injustice to those who are innocent. You have no right to lay an accusation against a neighbor that you don't know to be true, no right to misinterpret the acts or the words of those you may see or hear. Take care how you do so, for injustice and wrong come back upon the head of the aggressor.

Take care how you listen to the backbiting of others; you may be encouraging the slanderer and villifier of noble character by even listening to the tale he tells without rebuking him. Especially take care of those persons who come to you, and making great professions, secretly confide to you some reproach against another. Never put any confidence in the words of such, they are rotten at heart. They come and pledge you to secrecy, and then under the cover of your honor, thinking you will not violate your word, and expose them, they tell any thing that suits their wicked purpose. We never knew a single one of this class who was not a slanderer, a hypocrite, and black at heart.

And what they say to you of others, they say to others of you. A whole neighborhood may thus be set on against another, or a coldness spring up between friends where only the best feeling should prevail; and the whole difficulty is caused by the basest falsehoods brought and whispered to the parties under the seal of secrecy. Take

care how you credit them. They are never worthy of belief—never. They are assassins of the worst kind, for they stab reputations in the dark; they are enemies in society, for they make war where there was peace, enemies where there were friends. Turn from them, spurn them; they are unworthy of an association with good and noble minded people. Any thing that is worth your knowing can be communicated to you without compelling you or your honor to keep it a secret. How can you right a wrong if your lips are sealed? How find out the truth when you dare not ask a question? Better you should never know the thing, even if it were true, which you may be sure is not the case.

Take care how you hear anything against a neighbor which you cannot investigate. If the thing is so secret as that it will do you no harm, and it never can do you harm until it is in a shape to be encountered, unless some one has been circulating slanders in the dark; and as soon as people become wise enough not to believe and not to listen to words spoken in a corner or in darkness, there will be an end of the detestable practice of secret backbiting.

Take care that you never repeat any story which may injure another. If you hear it you are under the misfortune of having a knowledge of it, which should be a matter of regret; for such knowledge is dangerous. It may be—and in nine cases out of ten is—either totally false or greatly exaggerated, and a word from you, even though unintentionally spoken, may give the falsehood weight. Be on your guard.

Take care of your own reputation by doing nothing that would blench it, and take care of your neighbor's by refusing to help soil it by speaking evil or listening to false accusations.

Take care of your self-respect. No one can feel the conscious dignity and nobility of true manhood who is self-condemned, who feels and knows he is a hypocrite or guilty of secret sins.

And no one can afford to lose his self-respect. Take care of it as you do the apple of the eye; once lost it is probably gone forever; and it can be regained no longer than an upright life is maintained in public and in private, openly and secretly. Maintain a good standing in the eyes of your own consciousness, whether you do in the eye of the world or not. Infinitely more valuable is the proud consciousness of innocence and virtue, even if accused and condemned by the world, than the adulterations of the multitude with the ringing voices of conscience crying out, "Thou art worthy!" or the secret knowledge that we are guilty, or deserve not that which we receive. Take care, then, of your self-respect as you do of your life.

Take care of the influence you exert. It will be for the weal or woe of others. Let it tell mightily for good.

Think, act, speak and listen with care; and be sure you always take care to do right.—Miami Visitor.

Return of the Jews to Palestine.

To the student of the Bible and church history there are few current subjects of more absorbing interest or of deeper significance than the events now almost daily transpiring, which point to the re-possession by the Jews of their own land. The tide of progress, after a lapse of centuries, may be said to have fairly turned in that direction, and the prayer long offered by the chosen but now scattered people, that "Judah may be saved, and Israel dwell securely, and that the Redeemer may come to Zion," is undoubtedly hastening to fulfillment. The Sultan of Turkey is encouraging Jewish emigration to Palestine, and is offering to sell them as much land as they wish to buy, and it is said has even expressed his willingness to dispose of the Mosque of Omar to them, which it will be recollected, stands upon the very site of the Jewish Temple on Mount Moriah.

This mosque is one of the Mahomedan's most celebrated shrines, being scarcely inferior in national importance to those of Mecca and Medina.

Politicians and statesmen look upon these indications as a legitimate consequence of the liberalizing influence of Mohammedan intercourse with Christians, and so they may be, but to the reader of the yet unfulfilled pages of Revelation they also point to what, as it respects the Jewish nation, "prophets and kings" have long waited for, "but died without the sight." That the mosque of Omar should be in a fair way of passing into the hands of the people to whose fathers the site on which it stands was once given in an everlasting covenant, is what no reader of secular history, fifty years ago, could ever have dreamed would ever come to pass.

Some of the hills around Jerusalem have already become Jewish property, and it is by no means improbable that some of the present generation will see the entire city of Jerusalem again in the hands of its ancient owners. That mighty revolution will follow in the wake of such an event is probably as certain as that the Jews will return at all events, affairs in that immediate region engrossing them among the nations of the earth.—Phil. Press.

SMALL MEANS.—The power of money is, on the whole, overestimated. The greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class; and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and statesmen, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. Riches are often an impediment to a stimulus to action, and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows tired with it, because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time hang heavily on his hands; he remains morally and spiritually asleep; and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide floats.

"His only labor is to kill the time, And labor dire it is, and weary woe."

A successful competitor at a skate race, last winter, returned thanks in the following apt and expressive terms: "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of the cup."

NEW WONDERS.—The spaces of the solar system, or some of them at least, appear to be thickly peopled with small planets or asteroids, invisible to the naked eye, or the ordinary use of the telescope. No less than forty-seven of these young planets are now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter, and every few months we hear of a new discovery. The largest of them is said to be only forty miles in diameter and the smallest only four!

The marriage of Lord Shelmerdale with Lady Alice Villiers, is fixed to take place on the 17th inst.—English paper.

Lady Alice is the young Lady who was published some time since as a victim to the caprice of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales.

THE ZOUAVE MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK.—A second Zouave company is forming in New York, among Frenchmen exclusively. It will include four or five hundred Zouaves, and will assume the French army. The company is to be added to the Fifty-Fifth (French) Regiment, several companies of which have expressed their intention of adopting the Zouave uniform.

We learn from Rev. Mr. Griffin, who returned from Nebraska a few days ago, that the prospect of the crops in the localities visited by him, was good.—The wheat had turned out much better there than here.—Kansas State Record.